

THE TELEGRAPH.
B. T. VAN HORN, Editor.
Published every Tuesday Morning.
TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
One Dollar and Fifty Cents.
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Two Dollars within the year.
Not paid until the expiration of the year.
Two Dollars and Fifty Cents.
will be charged.
If no paper will be discontinued until all ar-
rearages are paid, except at the option of the pub-
lisher.
All communications on the business of the
office must be postpaid to secure attention.
To Clubs, of ten or more, the paper will
be furnished at a liberal reduction in price.

MEIGS COUNT TELEGRAPH.

A Weekly Journal Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Commerce, Markets and General Intelligence.

“ONE COUNTRY—ONE CONSTITUTION—ONE DESTINY.”

BY R. T. VAN HORN.

POMEROY, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1851.

VOL. 4.—NO. 2.

\$1.50 in Advance.

OFFICE OF THE TELEGRAPH,
FRONT STREET,
SEVEN DOORS BELOW COURT—UP STAIRS.
POMEROY, OHIO.

Rates of Advertising.
One square (12 lines or less) three weeks, \$1.00
Every subsequent insertion, : : : : .50
One square, three months, : : : : 3.00
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If advertisements not having the number of in-
sertions marked on copy, will be continued un-
til ordered to stop.
If casual advertisers must pay in advance.
If Job Printing, of every description will
be executed with accuracy and neatness.

Pomero Academy.
THE WINTER TERM of Pomero Academy
will commence Monday December 1st.
A course of Lectures on Chemistry will be
delivered during the term accompanied with Experi-
ments, for which new and valuable Chemical
Philosophical Apparatus will be provided.
To those who wish to acquire a knowledge of
this interesting and valuable science this will be
a favorable opportunity, as it is intended to make
it a subject of special attention. Instruction is
also given in the Latin, Greek, French and Ger-
man languages, the Higher Mathematics, and all
the ordinary studies of an English Education.
C. C. GILES, Principal.
Pomero, November 28, 1851.

Pomero, November School—Winter Term.
THE NEXT TERM OF THIS SCHOOL WILL
commence on Monday, the 8th day of De-
cember next.
Tuition per Quarter:
Reading, Writing, Elementary Geography
and Mental Arithmetic, \$3.00
Arithmetic, Geography, Grammar, Philo-
sophy, Chemistry and Elementary Al-
gebra, 4.00
Book Keeping by Double Entry, Botany,
Astronomy, Ancient Geography and His-
tory, Physiology and Zoology, 4.50
Rhetoric, Logic, Higher Mathematics and
the Greek and Latin Languages, 5.00
JAMES M. EVANS, Teacher.
Pomero, November 18, 1851.

GREAT QUESTION.
JOHN K. NORGAN would respectfully in-
vite the citizens of Pomero to call
at his new store on Front street, the fifth door be-
low the Post Office, in Dr. Train's new building,
and examine his new and fashionable
Fall and Winter Clothing,
which he has just opened, and will display of the
very latest prices. He need not boast of his
quality and cheapness. All he asks is for his
friends to come one and all, examine and price his
goods before purchasing elsewhere. He is ac-
cused that some will leave his store without being
satisfied with the prices. His stock consists of—
Fancy Silk and Satin Vests,
The very best;
Fancy Cassimere and Doan's Pants,
For Lawyers, Doctors, Clergymen & laboring hands;
Cloth, Tweed, Felt and Blanket Coats;
By the wagon loads.
The latest styles of Silk Hats,
Cloth and Silk Hosiery;
Striped and fine White Shirts,
As handsome as Canary Birds;
Carpet Rugs, and Umbrellas,
You will find with him always;
Warranted Shod Boots,
With a host of other goods.
Come one and all and examine for yourselves,
You will find more than can be stored in his
shelves.
All of the very best and cheapest.
And you will find that John K. NORGAN.
November 18, 1851.—n521c.

A Card.
MRS. McDONALD, a regular student from
the Obstetrical School of the celebrated Dr.
Campbell, of Edinburgh, Scotland, professes her
profession of the Ladies of Coal Port,
Pomero and vicinity.
Mrs. McDONALD being in possession of a regular
Diploma, she hopes by assiduity and attention
to make a specialty of her profession.
Residence with Mr. Wm. Spence, Coalport,
Pomero, where she may always be found unless profession-
ally absent.
Coalport, Nov. 13, 1851.—n525c.

Clocks for One Dollar and a Half.
NOT HEAD QUARTERS EXACTLY, BUT
ONLY ONE DOLLAR ABOVE, AT THE
SIGN OF THE GOLD WATCH. Where may be
found a splendid and complete assortment of
WATCHES and JEWELRY, viz:
Lever, Spring and Quartz Watches; Beauti-
ful Finger Rings, Ear Rings, Gold and Silver
Pendants; also, a splendid article of Extension
Pens—the nearest thing conceivable. Spectacles
for old or young eyes—suitable for all eyes and
every variety of defective vision. Also, Tooth
Brushes, Fancy Boxes, Pen Holders, Pencils,
Combs of all kinds, Watch Chains, such as
Chains, Ribbons, Seals, Keys, Guards, &c., Pur-
sels, Pocket Books, &c., &c.
Last but not least, a large and general as-
sortment of CLOCKS, from \$1.50 to \$5. I can't
not be beat in Time or Price, so to say. Mark
that.
ALSO—Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired
as usual.
Nov. 18, 1851.—n521c. SILVERMANTH.

**HEAVY IMPORTATIONS OF
DRY GOODS.**
FOR WINTER TRADE.
WM. ELDEN & CO.,
Wholesale Dealers in Dry Goods, North
of the Portsmouth Branch Bank.
ARE now receiving their second consignment of Goods
for the winter trade. This is the largest im-
portation ever made to this market either by our-
selves or any body else. Our Goods were pur-
chased under the most advantageous circum-
stances, many articles being at the lowest prices—
owing to the tightness of the money market
and the many failures of the manufacturers in
the east. Dealers in Dry Goods are respectfully in-
vited to call as we guarantee our Goods to be as low
as any other house in the West.
Queensware.
Imported directly from Liverpool in Crates and
Half Crates for sale as low as any house East or
West.
WM. ELDEN & CO.
Portsmouth, Nov. 18, 1851.—n525c.

**LIST OF BETTERS remaining in the Post Of-
fice at Pomero, Ohio, November 18, 1851.**
Beason Whitley Jackson Wm
Bich Capt M N Jones M & N
Boyle George Lehigh Wm
Bracewell John Lot Annilla
Barnhouse Philip McCloud David
or Solomon McFarland George
Berthelst Sean McFarland George
Bumgarner Valentine Miller J
Curtis Thomas Moore Enosh
Church Alvira Roney R
Carson R C Ramond & Van Amburg
Denny John R Roy Thos H
Dowden Jas V Rees Thos H
Davies Wm N Root Mrs
Dennison P C Roush Elizabeth
Evans Thomas Ray C P
Fisher John Richardson Wm
Figs Thomas Spencer Alvya
Fow Martin Stephens J W
Griffiths Elizabeth Schneider Peter
Gray Henry Van Buren George
Gardner Wm Sanders Charles
Guthrie S P Thompson Wm
Gilmore David, sr Tanner M
Howe Alex Tanager M
Hendry A York John
Hypel Henry York Jonathan
Heman Catharine Valk Ferdinand
Higley Austin Williams Hannah
Jastice Mr Wilson Henry
November 1851.—n525c. JAMES RALSTON, P. M.

Notice.
AT my instance an attachment was this day
issued by H. H. Rice, a Justice of the peace
of Salisbury township, Meigs County, against the
property and effects of Milton Pouik, an abscond-
ing debtor. Dated October 31, 1851.
November 18, 1851.—n525c.
CANDIES and CONFECTIONERY for sale
wholesale and retail by
R. A. SIDDEBTOM.
GEORGE W. HOLMES.
RIO COFFEE.—50 bags superior article
just received and for sale low at No 4.
GEORGE W. HOLMES.

From the N. Y. Tribune, of November 21st.
AWFUL CALAMITY.
**Forty-five Children Killed—A Hundred
Wounded—The Dreadful Scene—Names
of the Dead and Wounded—Painful
Particulars—Meeting of School Officers
and Teachers—Various accounts of the
Catastrophe**
Shortly after two o'clock yesterday after-
noon the city was agitated by the report of
a most dreadful catastrophe at Ward School
No. 25, in Greenwich avenue, near Jefferson
Market. At first, by a singular rever-
sion of the usual form of rumor, not half
the truth was told; it was reported down
town that the stairs of the schoolhouse had
given way and that a dozen children were
killed. This was enough to startle the resi-
dents of that section of the city who were
away from home, and all sorts of vehicles
were at once summoned to convey them to
the scene of the disaster.
Before we go further, let us briefly state
the nature and extent of the disaster.
One of our reporters writes it as follows:
“The causes of this fearful catastrophe we
give as truthfully as could be ascertained on
the spot, amid the great excitement and
dense crowd that for hours pervaded the
IXth Ward Police Station, where most of
the mangled and dead were taken to be re-
cognized by their heart-broken parents—
The building where the catastrophe hap-
pened is four stories high, the basement,
which is on a level with the street, is paved
with flagstones, and is the play-room of the
scholars. The Primary Department occu-
pied the second floor; the third floor was
used by the more advanced scholars, and
the front served as a lecture room and was
used at the examinations of the school.
It appears that about 2 o'clock, one of
the teachers, a Miss Harrison, was taken
with a fainting fit, and a cry for water was
intended made by some of the children who
were standing near her. This cry was mis-
taken for that of fire, and the whole room
was instantly alive with the cry of ‘fire!’
The children rose en masse and rushed
for the door. The alarm was given to
the other rooms on the same floor, and
communicated to those of the Principal of
the school and his assistants who occupied
the third floor, and it was generally believed
by all that the building was on fire and ac-
cordingly all rushed for the doors of their
respective rooms. Mr. McNally immedi-
ately placed himself in front of the door of
his room, and forbade any of his scholars
to leave, and we hear that one of the other
teachers did the same. The children of the
other departments rushed out of the doors
of their respective rooms and down the
stairs, which were built in a spiral form,
and commencing on the ground floor was
carried up to the fourth story. The banis-
ter of this stairs gave way about thirty feet
above the ground floor and precipitated hun-
dreds of the children to the flagging of the
first floor, killing and mangleing a large num-
ber. The news of the dreadful occurrence
spread like the wind through the neighbor-
hood, and hundreds of parents and friends
rushed to the schoolhouse to bear the tidings
of the safety or loss of their little ones.
The crowd was so dense in a very short
time, that it was with great difficulty that
the police, headed by Capt. Lovett and his
assistants, Capt. Tark and Seabring, could
remove the wounded and dying and deal
from the building. Many of these were
recognized by their parents and friends and
taken to their homes; the names of such
we could not ascertain, but we append the
names of those who were removed to the
Ninth Ward Police Station, and thence to
the residences of their afflicted parents.
We will here state more fully the cause of
the first alarm. Miss Abby Harrison, Principal
of the Female Department, has been
slightly indisposed for a few days, but con-
sidered herself quite able to attend to her
duties. At 2 o'clock, while she
was hearing the recitations of a large class,
she was attacked with a momentary paralysis
of the tongue; she tried to speak, but only
made an unintelligible noise; in her effort
to speak her face was drawn into disagreeable
contortions, and her pupils became fright-
ened, thinking that she was fainting. Hence
the cry for ‘water,’ and immediately after-
ward of ‘fire,’ and the consequent rush for
the doors. Miss Harrison remained all the
while comparatively helpless, and could do
nothing to check the alarm.
The alarm spread. The fire bells toll-
ed. The Police of the Ninth Ward (only a
hundred yards distant) rushed to the spot;
the firemen were there in a moment, but it
was a very different thing from fire that
called for their services. When they first
arrived, the children were still throwing
themselves down the stairway; a hundred
were piled in frightful destruction at the bot-
tom; the very doorway was barricaded with
a pile of dead and wounded.
Help was sent for; the police and firemen
rushed up the stairs and forced the fright-
ened children back, stationed a guard, and
then returned to save the wounded and
dying.
At this time the news began to spread,
and parents and friends came in broad-
sides to the place and the heart-rending
scene which followed baffles description.
As each lifeless or wounded body was borne
to the Station-house, it would be followed by
a dense crowd of persons, all striving to as-
sure themselves that it was not their relative,
and some distracted mother recognizing the
bleeding form of her beloved child, her
shrieks of agony were enough to move the
steepest heart to fearful pity.
But we need not dwell upon these painful
scenes. They continued up to a late hour
of the night; until the fate of all had been
ascertained.
The result of this awful catastrophe, as
nearly as we can ascertain, is as follows:
The number of children killed is forty-
four or forty-five.
The number positively known to be
wounded is more than sixty, of whom we
give the names of the greater portion.
We omit the names.
Wanted by a Dutch gardener, a journey-
man cooper to head cabbage.

CHARACTER OF PAUL.
BY T. J. HEADLY.
PAUL, in his natural character, before his
conversion, resembles Bonaparte more than
any other man—I mean both in his intellec-
tual development and energy of will. He
had the same indefatigable purpose, the
same utter indifference to human suffering
when he had determined on his course, the
same tireless, unchangeable resolution, the
same mysterious control over others. But the
point of resemblance is in the union of a
strong, correct judgment, with rapidity of
thought and sudden impulse. They thought
quickly yet better than other men. The
power, by which they possessed such a
practical power. There are many men of
strong minds, whose force nevertheless
wastes itself into reflection or in theories for
others to act upon. Thought may work out
into language and not into action. They
will plan better than they can perform.
But these men not only thought better, but
they could work better than all other men.
The same self-control and perfect subjec-
tion of his emotions—even terror itself—to
the mandates of his will, are exhibited in
his conduct when smitten to the earth, and
blinded by the light and voice from heaven.
John when arrested by the same voice on
the Isle of Patmos, fell on his face as a dead
man, and dared not stir or speak till
encouraged by the language, ‘Fear not.’ But
Paul (or Saul) though a persecutor and a vi-
olent man, showed no symptom of alarm or
terror. The voice, the blow, the light, the
glory, and the darkness that followed, were
sufficient to upset the strongest mind; but
his master of himself and emotions, instead
of giving way to exclamations of terror,
simply said: ‘Lord what wilt thou have me
do?’ With his reason as steady and strong
as ever, he knew at once that something
was wanted of him, and ever ready to
act, he asked what it was.

From this time on, his track can be dis-
tinguished by the emotions about it. He
straight back to Jerusalem, from whence he
had so recently come with letters to legalize
his persecutions, he went to cast his lot in
with those he had followed with violence
and slaughter. His strong heart never beat
one quicker pulsation through fear, when the
lofty towers of the proud city flashed on his
vision. Neither did he steal away to the
dark alleys and streets, where the disciples
were concealed, and tell them secretly his
faith in the Son of God. He strode into
the synagogues, and before the astonished
priests preached Christ and him crucified.
He thundered at the door of the Sanhedrin
itself, and shaking Jerusalem like an earth-
quake, awoke a tempest of rage and fury
on himself. With assassins dogging his
footsteps he at length left the city. But in-
stead of going to places where he was un-
known, and where his feelings would be less
known, he started for his native city, his fa-
ther's house the home of his boyhood, for
his kindred and friends. To emigrate,
seize, and violence, he was alike impo-
ssible. To Antioch, and Cyprus, along the
coast of Syria to Greece and Rome, over
the known world he went like a blazing
comet, waking the nations of the earth.
From the top of Mars' Hill, with the gor-
geous city at his feet, and the Acropolis and
Parthenon behind him; on the deck of his
shattered vessel at the intervals of the crash
of billows, in the gloomy walls of a prison,
on the borders of the eternal kingdom he
speaks in the same calm and dignified tone.
Deterred by no danger, awed by no
presence, and shrinking from no responsibility,
he moves before us like some grand
embodiment of power. The nations heave
around him and the kings turn pale in his
presence. Bands of conspirators swear nei-
ther to eat or drink till he have slain him;
rulers and priests combine against him; the
people some him yet, over the din of the
conflict and storm of violence, his voice of
eloquence rises clear and distinct as a tran-
scendental as he still preaches Christ and him
crucified. The whip is laid on his back till
the blood starts at every blow, and then his
mangled body is thrown into a dungeon; but
at midnight you hear that same calm strong
voice that has shaken the world, poured
forth in a hymn of praise to God, and lo!
an earthquake rakes the prison to its founda-
tions; the manacles fall from the hands of
the captives; the bolts withdraw of them-
selves, and the massive doors swing back
on their hinges. One cannot point to a sin-
gle spot in his whole career, where he fal-
tered a moment or gave way to discouragement
or fear. Through all his perilous life, he
exhibited the same unrepining of character
and lofty spirit. With his eye fixed on regions
beyond the ken of ordinary mortals, and
kindling on glories it was not permitted him
to reveal, he pressed forward to an incorruptible crown, a
sacred kingdom. And then his death, how in-
describably sublime! Napoleon, dying in the
midst of the midnight storm, with the last
words of a fallen hero, and a passing spirit
watching in his delirium the torn heads of his
mighty columns, as they disappeared in the
smoke of the conflict, is a sight that awes and
stretches us. But behold Paul also, a war-worn
veteran, battered with many a scar, though in a
spiritual warfare, looking back, not with alarm,
but transport gazing not on the earth, but
on heaven. Hear his calm serene voice
ringing over the storms and commotions of
life: ‘I am now ready to be offered, and the
time of my departure is at hand. I have
fought a good fight, I have finished my
course, there is laid up for me a crown of
righteousness.’ No shouts of foemen nor
smoke or carnage of battle surrounded his
struggle; he was free; but troops of
shining angels, the smile of God, and the
songs of the redeemed, these guarded him
and welcomed him home.

The following good sentiment we find in
the ‘opening address’ delivered last night,
before the American Institute—‘Franklin
and Morse—one named lightning, and the
other taught it to write.’

**THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AND THE
KENTUCKY M. S. L.**
Among the thousands of Americans who
have visited the World's Fair—the Crystal
Palace—is a friend of ours, a brusque, gay,
good natured, honest Kentuckian, whom we
can best describe by calling him the Prince
of Good Fellows—a gentleman in every
sense of the word, yet one who knows little
and cares less for the conventional rules of
class society—one who regards himself as a
sovereign, and a man among men—one—
“Who would talk to a King and call him mister,
And stand by his side with his old felt hat on—
Who'd kiss the Queen and bid her adieu,
And ask her the price of the things she set out?”
On the Fourth of July, he visited the
Crystal Palace, in company with some country-
men of his. They had been to the fair, and
after dinner they called a few bottles
of Heidsieck, to “the day we celebrate,”
and other kindred toasts. In starting for the
Fair, they were all in good humor with
themselves, and “the rest of mankind.”
The spirits of our friend, which we shall
call Jones, were pleasant and patricianly
exuberant on the occasion. But as the old
ballad has it:
“When they got into the Fair,
They were all in a puff for fresh air,
For the Fair very soon, was as full as the moon,
Such crowds upon crowds there were!”
“I say, boys,” says Jones, wiping the per-
spiration off his face, which like editors of
the slang-whang order, was coming out
strong; “this place is getting a little too hot
for me; besides, it's a mean-drag place, any
one can fix it. Why, curse me if I
haven't seen grander wonders in a traveling
menagerie in old Louisville. If I was in
Walker's now imitating one of them jupies,
wouldn't I feel at home! But, talking of
Walker's, could we raise a drink in this
overgrown caravansary of Heathen and
Hottentots, Monsieur, Malay, and great
universal gumbos of all creation?”
His friend replied negatively, by a shake
of the head.
“Then I'm blam'd,” said Jones, “if this
place isn't meaner than a game of nigger
chuck-a-luck, or Cincinnati snogues.”
“But, Jones,” said one of the company, “I
tell you what you can have here; you can
have a glass of soda water, or lemonade, and
by the by there, yonder is the Duke of Wel-
lington, making right for the stand where it
is sold, and if you hurry up you will have
it to say when you return that you hobnob-
ed with the Duke.”
“Good idea, by jenny,” said Jones, and
up he went.
Jones, we would remark, bears a strong
resemblance to the hero of Waterloo, when
he was in his hero. His nose is straight,
Wellingtonian. He is dressed in a fine
blue cloth coat, with gilt buttons, white vest,
and Nankin pantaloons, a favorite costume
with Jones, and a favorite dress with the
English nobility also. It may be that this
made him unbend himself to our friend, in
the first instance; for the general cold and
rigid character of the Iron Duke is proverb-
ial. But without further speculation on
this point, let us proceed.
“Madam,” said Jones, (a female being the
attendante) “let me have a glass of lemonade
and then turning round to the hero of a
hundred fights, as if he were an every-day
acquaintance, he carelessly said, ‘How do
you do my Lord Duke, how do you do?’
The Duke, if he said anything, spoke
very low; he however bowed—‘Very well, I
thank you.’
“Your Grace is taking lemonade, I see,”
said Jones. The Duke bowed another af-
firmative reply.
“Anything important before the Committee
in the Lower House, this forenoon?” said
the Duke; for the fact was, he took Jones to
be a country member of Parliament.
Jones not exactly understanding the
meaning of the question, interpreted it in
his own way, and replied: “O, dang the
Committees, I wouldn't sit on one with
that dirty-shirt abolitionist, Horace
Greeley would have anything to do. I'm
told they made him chairman of one of 'em.
But, tell me, Duke, said Jones, ‘would you
not like a stick in your lemonade?’
“A stick!” said the Duke, straightening
himself up and extending the lids of his
sunken eyes, ‘a stick! a sugar stick! No,
sir. Field Marshal, the Duke of Wellington
uses the article in no shape, not even in
his coffee.’
“Duke,” said Jones, ‘you misunderstand
me. I mean throwing in a dash of brandy,
just as an antidote to the cholera.’
“Bless my soul!” said the Duke, ‘a stick
of brandy!’
“Well, Duke,” said Jones, ‘what objection
have you to brandy? You ain't one of the
Sons, are you?’
“No, sir,” said the Duke, and he spoke as
if the conversation was beginning to get
irksome. Field Marshal, the Duke of Wel-
lington is a father.”
Jones—But you don't drink spirits.
Duke—Not a drop.
Jones—Nor ever tasted a julep?
Duke—Never.
Jones—Nor a ‘ramsh!’
Duke—Never.
Jones—Nor a ‘stone fence’?
Duke—What, sir?—why, your begin-
ning to get impudent. Swallow a stone
fence? Why, I—me, sir, I believe that
you imagine that Field Marshal, the Duke
of Wellington, has the swallow of a boa
constrictor, and the digestion of an ostrich.
Jones—No, no, my Lord Duke. I only
wanted to ascertain if an English Duke was
not more ignorant of choice drinks at
least—than an American sovereign! I don't
impute any blame to you, Duke, however; I
attribute it to neglect in your early educa-
tion. Why don't you take a run over to
Kentucky? If it were only to see the Mam-
moth Cave. Talk of World's Fairs and
Crystal Palaces! Why, Duke, they are no
more to compare to the Kentucky cave than
a possum is to a buffalo—no circumstance
at all.
“What's your name, sir?” said the Duke,
who now found he was speaking to an Amer-
ican instead of an M. P., and therefore felt
disposed to relax the austerity of his man-
ner.
“My name,” said Jones, putting his finger

in the pocket of his white vest, drawing out
his card, and presenting it to the Duke—
there it is—
COL. J. JONES, OF JONESVILLE, M. S. L.
“M. S. L.” said the Duke, essaying through
the medium of his cygnet to decipher these
cabalistic letters; ‘why, what does M. S. L.
mean, Col. Jones?’
“More aristocratic ignorance, by golly,”
said Jones, speaking however in the lan-
guage of the stage, aside, but turning to the
Duke, he said:
“Why Duke, it means Member of the
State Legislature.”
“Ah! I perceive,” said the Duke, though
not an M. P., you are an M. S. L.; then I
have not been so much out after all—
no, no, Col. Jones, you are one of our
countrymen at the American Institute, and
may have the pleasure of meeting me
there!”
“Good-by, Duke,” said Col. Jones, ‘but
one word before you go. I know you're
temperate, but you have no objection to old
Bourbon—don't you rather like it?’
“Well, to be candid with you, Col. Jones,
in these times of turmoil and treason, when
anarchy seems to ride the whirlwind, and
reverence for legitimacy is lost in the revo-
lutionary cry of equality, my preferences
are for the old Bourbon dynasty.”
“Good looks,” said Col. Jones, ‘Tom Mar-
shall himself couldn't speak better. Good
bye, old fellow; you'll hear from me to-
morrow.’
The Duke left to attend Mr. Peabody's
soiree, to which he had been invited by the
American Minister, and Col. Jones to see
the ‘sights.’
The next day a porter, carrying a ham-
per, was seen knocking at the gate of Aps-
ley House. He delivered his parcel, and a
letter, of which the following is a copy, to
Gracie's servant:
LONDON, Queen Adelaide Hotel,
July 5th, 1851.
Colonel Jones, presents his compliments
to Field Marshal, the Duke of Wellington,
to whom he had the honor of an introduc-
tion in the Crystal Palace yesterday, or
rather to whom he introduced himself. On
that occasion, his Grace expressed a prefer-
ence for Old Bourbon. To gratify the taste
of his Grace—though Col. J. has some
Monongahela, which he thinks a superior
article—he presents his Grace with a dozen
bottles of the former, of which he begs his
Grace's acceptance—hopes he'll like it.
His Grace F. M., the Duke of Wellington.
His Grace was utterly confounded on the
receipt of this note. ‘Monongahela’—Indian
mummies, I presume, thought the Duke—
‘superior Monongahela!’ Why, he
added, ‘this must be some infernal machine!’
The writer of this letter means to blow
me up—to blow up Apsley House. I'll im-
mediately have him arrested. But while thus
soliloquizing, an attaché of the American
Minister entered, who by the way knew
Col. Jones well, and explained to the Duke
the properties and relative merits of Old
Bourbon and Monongahela.
The Duke's reply to Col. Jones' letter
was characteristic. Here it is:
APSLEY HOUSE, July 5.
‘F. M., the Duke of Wellington, presents
his compliments to Col. Jones. F. M., the
Duke of Wellington, has not for several
years accepted a present; cannot consent to
receive this. Is therefore unable to say
how he likes it. Should Col. Jones desire
to have the opinion on the subject of F. M.,
the Duke of Wellington's grocer, his resi-
dence is 195 Strand.’
‘Col. Jones, Queen Adelaide Hotel.’
This broke up all intercourse and corre-
spondence between his Grace and the Colonel,
and as both were so abruptly terminated,
they are not likely to be soon renewed.
The Colonel says the Duke may know
what good eating is, but he is deplorably ig-
norant of everything in relation to first-rate
drinks.
“I can't believe in spirituous knock-
ing,” said Mrs. Partington, solemnly, as we
related some things to her which we had
seen that appeared to us very mysterious.
“I can't believe about it for I know if Paul
could come back, he would envelope him-
self to me here, and wouldn't make me run
a mile only to get a few dry knuckles. Stran-
ge that the world should be so superstitious as
to believe such a rapsody, to think a spirit
can go knocking about like a boy in vexa-
tion. I can't believe it, and I don't know if
I could if that report there was to jump right
off the table right afore my eyes!” She
paused, and through the gloom of approach-
ing darkness we could see the determined
expression of her mouth. A slight move-
ment was heard upon the table, and the lit-
tle black snuff moved from its position,
crawled slowly by the side of the profile of the
ancient cuporal! The old lady could not
speak, but held up her hands in wild amaze-
ment, while her snuff box fell from her
nervous grasp and rolled along upon the
sanded floor. She left the room to procure
a light, and as soon as she had gone, the
tempest was lowered by the invisible hand
to its original station, and like speed out from
beneath the table, sowing a long string away
in his pocket, and grinning prodigiously.

A CURIOUS FIGHT.—A gentleman of this
town having a rat snake in a box with tin
bars, put a rat in, to see his snakegrip give
a specimen of swallowing. The snake
struck at the rat, and the rat finding himself
in close quarters with a deadly enemy, like
an old coward, began to show fight when he
could do no better. He attacked his adver-
sary with spirit, and continued to bite him
on the head and neck until he gained a com-
plete victory. The snake died of his wounds
in a few minutes, and the rat was killed by a
dog; but we are not informed what became
of the dog that killed the rat that whipped
the snake that lay in his box that Charley
built.—Anderson (S. C.) Gazette.

An Irishman coming to Boston from
Lowell, took the stage, in preference to the
cars, because, as he said, he could ride four
times as long for the same money.

“Massa,” said a southern negro, as he
was examining the many rents in his bro-
gans, “wonder where shoes come from?”
“Oh they grow at the north.” “Well, guess
‘er picked before ‘er ripe.”

An ingenious fellow who owned a
hog, so lean that they crawled through
cracks in the pen, “stopped that fun,
trying knots in their tails.”

**EQUALITY OF THE WHITE AND
BLACK RACES.**
The New York Courier and Enquirer com-
ments at some length upon the constitu-
tional provision lately adopted in Indiana,
which excludes the African race from that
State. The writer calls the attention of the
noist advocate of the Negro to the posi-
tion he occupies with the Whites in this
country. “Had (says the Courier) the whole
negro population of this Continent been
free for the three generations which the her-
alds say it takes to make a boor's descend-
ant gentleman, were every black of them
collegiate-bred, and thoroughly accomplished;
and were a mass meeting of the entire pop-
ulation of the United States, held to-day, and
that we should stand and shall hereafter
stand as one man, and more, were every
one of them a Cæsar, we do not believe that
the first movement would have been made
to breaking down the barrier which now ex-
ists, which ever has existed, between the two
races.
“Men are born with ideas in their heads,
Locke to the contrary notwithstanding; and
one of the ideas with which the Anglo-Amer-
ican came into the world, we believe to be
the opinion that any intercourse of equality
between him and a negro would be degrad-
ing and unendured, and to this opinion he
adds a feeling which is stronger than thought,
more firmly fixed than custom.
“The article proceeds to demonstrate what
almost every black or white feels to be true,
that there is not, and cannot be, any strong
natural sympathy between the white and
black races. The feeling is one of repug-
nance rather than of sympathy, which ever
has and ever will prevent a general alliance
between them. The condition of the negro
and the whites, when the number of the in-
ferior race predominates, must, in the nature
of things, be always unpleasant and onerous;
and the best interests of both races re-
quire that they should be separated. No
white man, we suppose, proposes to surren-
der the control of our social and political
relations in society to the black man, and
if we do not do this, and are convinced of
the utter impossibility of two distinct races
—made so by the Creator—becoming one
in feeling, or of their attaining to harmoni-
ous equality in social and political condition;
we the superior race, have important duties
to perform to the inferior race. The per-
formance of those duties we owe to ourselves
to them, and to our country. The races
should be separated. We should do all we
can to elevate the black man, and to make
him free. In what way can this be so well
accomplished as by placing him in the nat-
ive land of his race, in Africa, and by aiding
him to acquire strength to sustain and gov-
ern himself?—[Cin. Gaz.

A DRUNKARD.
A correspondent has addressed us a let-
ter on the subject of ‘Temperance in Con-
necticut,’ containing a history of painful in-
terest and most useful warning. Its sub-
stance is this: Early in life the writer left
Connecticut leaving to an elder brother the
support of their aged parents and a young
family. By slow degrees that brother be-
came addicted to drink. The rum-seller of
the village where he lived, was a merchant
and a Justice of the Peace, and we dare say
a politician. From being a drinker he be-
came a drunkard, and from that a son. Pa-
rents and wife applied to the Justice, and
besought him to refuse the young man drink.
They begged in vain. Fortunes and happi-
ness left their abode. Most of the family
circle was scattered, and his head and sup-
port was an outcast. Nothing remained to
the parental hearth but tears and ashes.
Years passed, and when the ruin of the
family was complete, the outcast drunkard
took the pledge. Under its solemn influ-
ence peace and happiness descended on
the old home, and the family were restored,
save the old couple, whom weighty sorrows
brought to the grave. The Justice rum-sel-
ler
“Had his own poisoned chalice commended to his
lips.”
and he too had passed away. The writer
says he visited the paternal roof, and found
quiet, harmony, happiness and comfort there,
disturbed only by the wife's fears that a
grocery retailer would once more bring deso-
lation upon her home and hopes. Is there
any appeal to the humanity of the Legisla-
ture more irretrievable than this woman's
holy fears?—N. Y. Tribune.

AN EXACT WITNESS.—Lawyer—How
far was you from Mike when he struck the
policeman?
Witness—Just five foot four inches and
a half.
Lawyer—How is it you are so exact,
fellow?
Witness—Expecting some fool might ask
me, I concluded to measure it.
Judge—Have you any more questions to
put to the witness?
Lawyer—None, your honor.
Witness leaves the box with his thumb
against his nose, and finger vibrating.

THE MODEL WIFE.
She don't know a word of French, Ital-
ian or German, never read anything but
“Hus to Married women” and the “Cook-
ery Book,”—don't play on the piano, does
not keep but one girl, does half the washing
and ironing, makes all the cakes and pies,
mends all the stockings, turns her husband's
pant's inside out and handles before when
they get shabby, does all the marketing,
buys the wood and coal, never goes out ex-
cept on Sunday, don't know whether small
or big business and wages, keeps awake at
night, never sleeps in the day time, always
looks pretty, never looks tired, never has a
bad temper, and presents Mr. Storks with an heir
once a year.

Wouldn't speak of any man but her hus-
band for the world—likes him to talk with
all the pretty women. Rocks the cradle
and darns the stockings in the forenoon,
then—darns the stockings and rocks the
cradle in the afternoon!—stays at home in
the evening and mends her husband's old
trousers while he goes to hear Jenny Lind—sits
up in the rocking chair half the night, nurs-
ing young Snooks, for fear it will disturb
papa—a great inward sensation of gones-
s in the morning, nevertheless rises at 5
o'clock, takes out a clean shirt for Mr.
Snooks, washes the faces and combs the
heads of nine little Snooks, scrubs their
eighteen dirty hands, and nurses the baby
while papa is shaving, for fear its crying
will make him cut his face with the razor.
Helps the nine and her husband at break-
fast time, and then eats a cold egg and some
burnt toast when they are gone.
Thinks her husband an Adonis—a Sol-
omon—a Joseph—is perfectly willing he
should engage himself to be married com-
ing home from her funeral—hopes No. 2
will be more worthy of such a treasure than
she ever was.

Punch is dead set against Bloomer-
ism. The latest number has several caricatures
on the subject. One sketch shows a
group of Bloomers lounging, drinking and
smoking at a grog shop, one of them seated
on the counter—imitating to the life the
manners of fast young gentlemen. Another
sketch represents Miss Bloomer in a
kneeling posture, “popping the question” to
blackadicalian gentleman, who with averted
head says, “you must really ask mamma.”
There is also a sketch of a stout bloomer in
top boots and spurs.
A Droll story is related of an honest old
farmer, who, attempting to drive home a
bull, suddenly halted on the fence.
Recollecting himself, he saw the animal on
the other side of the rail, sawing the air
with his head and neck, and pawing the
ground. The good old man looked steadily
at him a moment, and then shaking his fist